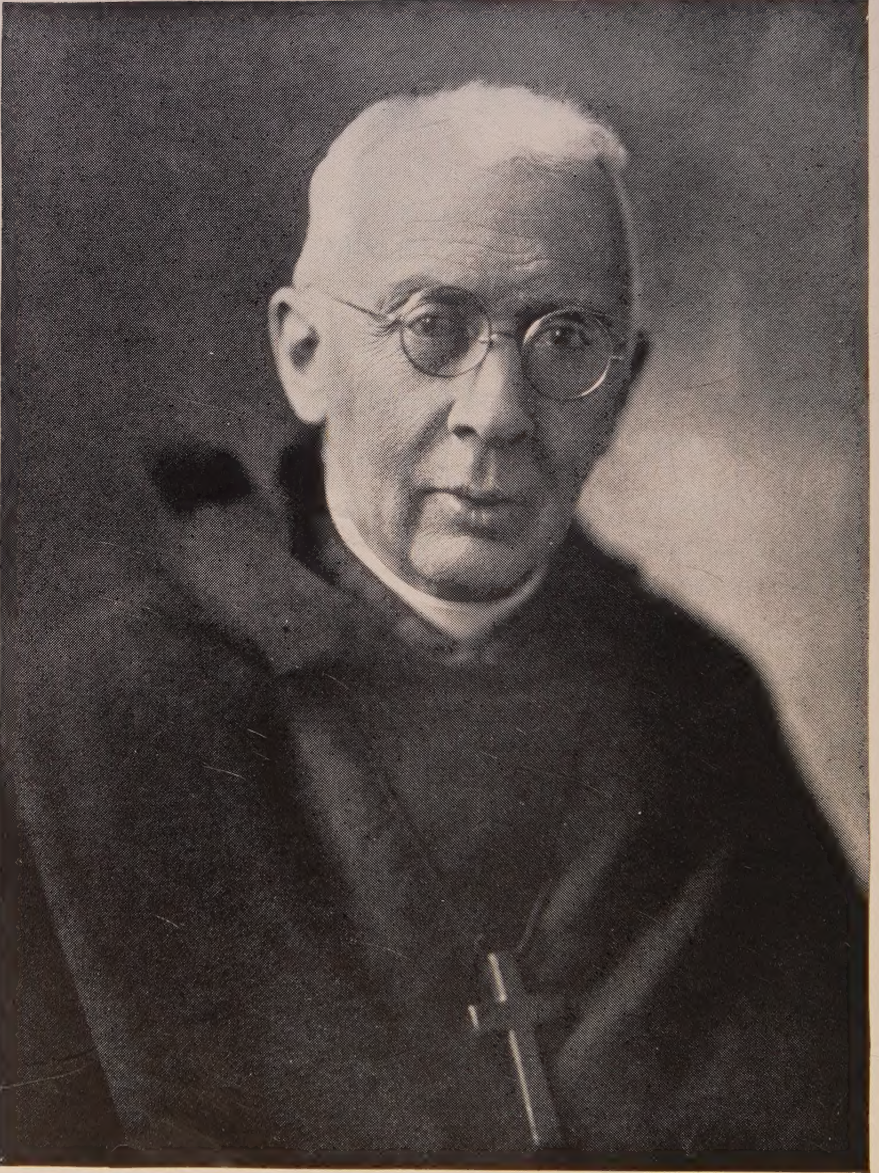


November, 1955

CONTENTS

JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON .....	327
<i>By James Lincoln Huntington, M.D., Curator of the Bishop Huntington House and nephew of Father Founder</i>	
"IF I HAD A MILLION" .....	334
WHAT THE MOUNTAIN BROUGHT FORTH .....	335
<i>By the Rev. John S. Baldwin, OHC.</i>	
THE LAST THINGS .....	340
<i>By the Rev. E. Burke Inlow, Ph.D., Rector of the Church of the Holy Sacrament, Upper Darby, Penna.</i>	
HAVE YOU HEARD? .....	342
<i>By the Rev. Peter C. Moore</i>	
BIRTHDAY COMMEMORATIONS .....	345
THE AUGUSTINIAN CATENA .....	346
THE ORDER OF SAINT HELENA .....	350
THE ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS .....	351
NOTES .....	352
SAINT ANDREW'S NOTES .....	352
AT MOUNT CALVARY .....	352
ORDO .....	353
PRESS NOTES .....	354



JAMES OTIS SARGENT HUNTINGTON  
FATHER FOUNDER  
ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS



# The Holy Cross Magazine

Nov.



1955

## James O. S. Huntington

By JAMES LINCOLN HUNTINGTON

On the 23rd of July, 1854, the Pastor of the South Congregational Church, a prominent Unitarian minister, in Boston, wrote thus to his father and sister at the ancestral home in Hadley:

"Dear Father and Sister: When I returned from church this morning I found myself the father of a fourth child, a third son."

So while his father was serving in the temple James Otis Sargent Huntington was born, a fact that it is safe to say was often mentioned in that pious household during his adolescence.

But when we look at the lines which converged to bring this great figure in the service of the Master to fruition, we see that religious devotion was a dominant strain. Practically all of his pioneer ancestors on his paternal side were members of the First Church of Christ in Dorchester, that distinguished body organized in England before migration—only briefly in Dorchester and then the founders of Windsor, Connecticut,

and its environs—for in James Huntington's veins flowed the blood of the Griswolds, Wolcotts, Pitkins, Phelps, Coltons, Westwoods, Porters, Cookes, Throops, Clarks, Metcalfs, Roots as well as the Huntingtons.

His paternal great-great grandfather was expelled from the First Church of Christ in Hadley because of his religious conviction and two generations later James' own grandmother was excommunicated after a trial for heresy because of her disbelief in infant damnation.

Shortly after James' birth the family removed from Roxbury, where he was born, to Cambridge, for his father had assumed the Chair of Plummer Professor of Christian Morals and College Preacher at Harvard College.

As far as I can ascertain from what was told me in my childhood and from talking with my aunt, now alive, and but five years a junior to my uncle, his boyhood was very normal. To be sure he early displayed a de-

sire to play at preaching and he was definitely seriously minded, but he had a keen sense of fun and joined in play with other boys and girls without restraint. He was very fond of acting and reciting. When considering the environment in which this boy grew up, we must realize the effect upon his mind and future of his father's change in faith, for when James was five years old his father after months of spiritual wrestling resigned his professorship at Harvard to enter the Protestant Episcopal Church. This keen observing child must have entered deeply, even if unconsciously, into this conflict and it must have had a tremendous influence on his future. There was a new parish of the Episcopal Church in Boston waiting for a leader and Frederic Dan Huntington quite naturally became the first rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston. Thus James changed his place of residence when he was but six years old from the yard of Harvard College to Boylston Street, Boston.

We can picture those early years of the lad growing up in the atmosphere of this energetic, enthusiastic Rector of a young and flourishing Parish in Boston.

Frederic Dan Huntington soon became a very powerful figure in the Diocese and in the Church at large and this boy with a marvelously retentive memory which displayed itself early in childhood must have derived from this much enthusiasm. He played with other boys in the Back Bay. He attended the Roxbury Latin School, spending a good deal of his time at his grandmother's house not far from the school. When James was eleven years old his father was elected Chairman of the Standing Committee of the Diocese. Two years later he was elected Bishop of Maine—this he declined. A year later he was elected Bishop of the new Diocese of Central New York and felt compelled to accept. Again these Church duties, responsibilities and promotions must have influenced greatly James, and fired his ambition to follow in his father's steps. The earliest letter from my uncle that I have found was written when he was fifteen years old, two weeks after his father's consecration as Bishop. This epistle to his father begins "My

Lord (official), Dear Papa (filial)" and ends "Goodbye dearest papa may the God Lord help you and strengthen you and give you power to do the work that is set before you."

After the family moved to Syracuse, James stayed on at his grandmother's home in Roxbury and continued for a year at least at the Roxbury Latin School. However, he finished his preparation for college at his father's Diocesan School—St. John's—at Manlius, New York, where he led the school his graduation year.

At Harvard, James early displayed his interest in Church Work. In the Spring of his Freshman year he writes to his father:

"There is an Association here for those that intend to enter the ministry which attend; it is rather run by the Congregationalists and Methodists and is at times rather amusing. Last Tuesday the subject was The Philosophy of the Prayer meeting."

Two years later he writes to his mother:

"Is not the Greek letter given in the Church Journal of last week interesting? It does seem as if this increasing and deepening cry for a united church must lead to something."

And again the same year to his father:

"The bells are ringing for church, but I must stop to thank you with all my heart for your letter; I have been wanting to do so ever since I received it. You will never know in this world how much your many letters to me and even apparently unimportant messages have, by the help of the Holy Ghost, I believe, helped me in my life. I hope I am making this choice for the right reasons—the desire to fulfill my baptismal vows. It is very hard to tell whether vain notions do not form part of the motive, but I hope that the ideas of self-sacrifice I have now, however obtained at first, may be sanctified as I realize them in my life. This is of course for mother as for you and my earnest prayers are for you both."

Again in his Junior year in college he writes to his mother:

"Lent begins next Wednesday, does it not? I wonder if you will have pan cake Shrove Tuesday. What a solemn thought it is that in the next few days people everywhere will be laying aside amusement, dress, extravagance and joining in the Fast which the whole Church ordains—Greek, Roman, Anglican, American—in this humiliation and abstinence we are united."



have asked the Bishop to let me use the De Profundis instead of the canticles in the S. Paul's (Society) Service. If he does that will come first, then the Creed, Versicles, and some collects. Then the full Litany, a Hymn and a few minutes of silent prayer. Some of the services we have together in the little room are singularly harmonious and earnest."

In college also we find him longing for the Church to enter the field of Social Service. He writes thus to his mother:

"But I was paid for my trouble by my visit to Pine Farm which I found very interesting. The house is very old fashioned, with a big chimney, and there is a barn and another building half school, half playroom. All the buildings are painted a rich dark brown and make a very pretty group. There are 30 acres about the house, where the boys plant, hoe, make hay and get in the harvest under the charge of the superintendent, the only man on the place, who works, prays with them and teaches them the elements of the faith. He is a thorough farmer, with no niceties of manner or conversation but a thoroughly kind, whole-hearted man. The children are taught by a school-mistress who lives in the house. The boys are taken out of the lowest classes in Boston, etc. but they are very bright-looking, with shaven heads and rosy faces, and they sing with true Methodist vim. When I went into the room where they sit I found them scattered all about the room under the direction of the Superintendent's wife busily knitting stockings. Some of the younger ones looked very cunning with their four needles and blue yarn. From what was told me I think the moral feeling in the school must be very high. Oh, how much good such an institution can do. Why is our Church the last to do this work? For myself, though I know that can never be, I could hardly wish for myself a position I should more enjoy, despite all the trouble and disappointments, than teaching and training just such boys. And what Christian body is better fitted for it than our own part of the Catholic Church where superstition does not endanger and cold stiffness, bare walls, and unattractive services do not hinder or alienate. But others do the work imperfectly or wrongly and we wait."

As a student at Harvard James played but a minor part in college activities. His chief form of exercise was walking—perhaps we would call it hiking now. In spite of his remarkable memory he was by no means a brilliant student and did not carry off any honors. He was however one of the founders and an active editor of the college paper originally the "Harvard Magenta"—and later the "Harvard Crimson."

After graduation in 1875 he began to study for the ministry with his father at St. Andrews Divinity School in Syracuse. During the Summer of 1876 he took a walking tour through Scotland with his intimate college chum, Harry Merwin.

Before he graduated from the Divinity School he was ordered Deacon and immediately took over the services at Calvary Church, Syracuse. In May 1880 he was advanced to the priesthood and took full charge of the same Parish. Later in that year he writes thus to his father:

"Whatever may be said of me as an **extreme man** it cannot, I think be said that I am either morbid, effeminate or dreamy. I have too good an appetite and am too busy for the first, I walk too much for the second, and the atmosphere of police courts and county houses is not favorable to the state of mind described by the third. In the rightness and advantage of two things I strongly believe—religious orders of men and women, and confession. But I do not view either of these with a sickly sentimentalism or an enthusiasm that cannot see the evils to which they may so easily lead. On the contrary I could paint the bad consequences of both in as dark colors as would satisfy even the Am. Prot. Union, but at the same time I believe they were both appointed by our LORD Himself for the benefit of the souls of men and if used in His Spirit with obedience and humility with a single eye to His Glory they must do good in accordance with His Promise. 'He that can receive it, let him receive it.' 'Whose so ever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven.' I heard the confession of two old men at the County House lately; they had both been baptized and confirmed in England but had never received the Holy Communion. The Sisters had talked with them but could not bring them to it, they were too unworthy they said, they had not faith, they could not feel easy in their minds, I talked with them only to get the same answer. At last I pointed out to them the benefit of absolution to be won by a full and free confession to GOD in the Presence of His Minister. That was something tangible, they could do that, cost what it might, and so they both came and told the story of their lives, one of them his white head bent and the tears streaming from his eyes and then they both in perfect confidence and humility received the B. Sacrament. I saw them a month later, they did not need to tell, their faces showed the peace that had come to them. They both received again when I was out last and they are living as reconciled children of the Father."



In the following July, Bp. Huntington writes to a friend thus of his son James:

"He feels, as I do, that we ought to have in this country an Order of Evangelists corresponding to that of St. Johns in England, and not English. For years he has felt himself called to some such separated and special work—a community life."

In December of that year 1881 we have a letter from James from the Holy Cross Clergy House, New York, to his father, in which he argues for the confessional using the Parable of the Prodigal Son as a text.

In spite of the monastic garb—a black cassock—a rope for a belt and living among the poorest in the tenement house district of a great city, it was not until November 25, 1884, that he finally took the vows and thus founded the Order of the Holy Cross. Of this service he wrote to his father November 18, 1884:

"We have studied simplicity in the Service and there will be nothing I think that everyone who comes will not expect and not so much as some will look for. The Service will be between you and Bishop Henry Potter."

He continued his work on the East Side of New York City until 1892 when the Order moved to Holy Cross House in Westminster, Maryland.

But during these years in New York Father Huntington was holding missions in cities and towns all over the country. He also was a leader in the cause of Labor against Capital.

He was an early member of the Knights of Labor, an active worker with Henry George for Single Tax and in 1887 one of the founders with the Reverend Thos. H. Sill, of the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor.

A note in a Chicago paper at the time of the Coal Strike in Streator, Ill., graphically describes his activities:

"Chicago, Aug. 26th. A special from Streator, Ill. says a sensation is caused there by the appearance on the streets unheralded of Father J.O.S. Huntington of New York, a priest of the Order of the Holy Cross clad in a striking and picturesque garb. He gained the confidence of the striking coal miners and being allowed to address them, he prevailed upon them to rescind the violent resolutions of a recent meeting and to consent to moderate measures. His appearance on the scene may put an entirely new face on the mining troubles there."

It was on this occasion that he went to the employers and presented the cause of the men with such force that he was able to obtain terms on which the strikers were glad to return to work. The strikers gave him a new pair of boots to show their appreciation, and I have often heard him speak of the satisfaction he took in this humble present.

But in spite of James Huntington's activity in the Labor movement—often toiling shoulder to shoulder with workers in menial tasks—and the prominence in the Single Tax cause, he early had misgivings about the departures from the strict object of the Order. Early in the year 1890 he wrote to his father a letter containing the following abstracts. Speaking of the admonition of one of his trusted advisers he writes:

"The great need of the Church today is for a higher life and a more uncompromising tone on the part of the Clergy. And he could see but little hope of that unless there were a number who came forward to devote themselves to God in the life of Religious Orders" . . . "He felt moved to urge me not to prejudice this higher work by an undue interest in social questions. I was able to reassure him somewhat on the latter point and told him that I felt just as he did but that we did not see our way to make any special effort towards gathering recruits that we had given up our local work in order to devote ourselves untrammelled to the building up of a community life, but that two didn't make a community."

And again:

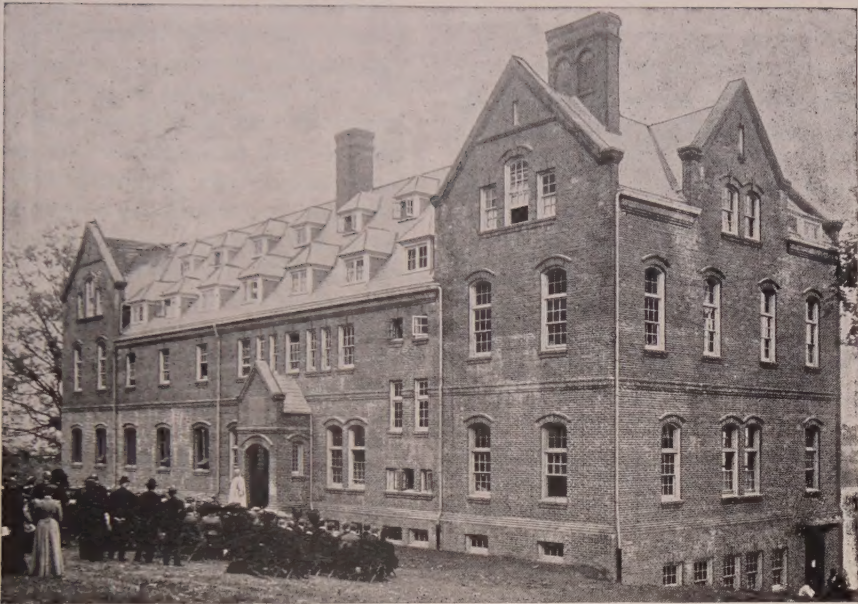
"I do not feel satisfied with what I am doing these two months, that is it does not seem to be aiming definitely enough at one end for which GOD seems to have raised us up" . . . "What can we do? I expect to spend three days at St. Stephen's College Annandale this Spring. That would give me one opening. But of course we don't want to tease or coax men."

And further:

"The work I do in Missions and Retreats seems quite what our Order ought to do only instead of one to do it there ought to be many and we don't seem to be doing anything to gather the many."

This feeling that activity in the field of Labor and Social Service was open to question became stronger when the Order moved to Westminster in the early 90's. Father Sill writes of a visit to the Order in March 1896 as follows:





THE FIRST BUILDING AT WEST PARK 1904

"Fr. Founder and I had some walks about the nearby fields. I recall his explaining why he had ceased to be active in Single Tax affairs. He felt that in so small a community, and with himself as the representative of the Order in the outside work, it was not fair to the other men to become identified with any distinct economic program."

Again in 1897 James writes from Westminster to his father a letter from which are the following quotations. It was about the possibility of his being elected a Bishop.

"Then, too, I gave myself, seventeen years ago, to an effort to restore the life of rule, in a religious community, among men in our Church" . . . "my withdrawal, from what is still so small and feeble, would seem to be an act of disloyalty to what I have pledged myself to support and advance. There are but three of us professed, a community cannot consist of less than three; my withdrawal would mean the suppression of the community. Would this be fair or right?"

It was shortly after this that the Order began to really grow, and at the turn of the century the numbers began to increase readily. With the growth came the hopes and plans for a really permanent home. The place chosen for this was on the banks of the Hudson River. The money was forthcoming and in May 1904 the new home was opened with appropriate exercises at West Park, New York.

It was a great disappointment to James that his father was not able to make the journey for this service of dedication, but his mother, his oldest sister and his brother George, the Rector of St. Thomas' in Hanover, New Hampshire, were there for the occasion. To his mother he wrote the next day:

"You don't know how much it was to me, how much it will be to me in the years to come that you and Arria were here yesterday."

With the growth of the Order and new impetus given by the adequate quarters in West Park the desire for wider service was uppermost in Father Huntington's mind. St. Faiths, a home for wayward girls, had already been started by him in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1897—later moved to Tarrytown. Then his boyhood yearning for an institution for boys was in a sense fulfilled by St. Andrew's at Sewanee. Kent School founded in the Fall of 1906 came next. Father Sill thus writes of this:

"The first time I went off with the Father was just after my profession. We visited Hoosac School and then went on to St. Paul's, Concord. In both places the Father turned over to me sermons for which he had been booked. It was on this trip that we first discussed the possibility of having a boys' school some day. These discussions went on four years until one night in



March 1906 while we were giving a Mission at the Cathedral in St. Louis, he finally consented. The following Autumn Kent came into existence."

The Order grew in power and influence as the years passed and finally the crowning effort came with the establishment of the Mission in Liberia. After this had been in successful operation for a few years Father Huntington himself went to Africa in the Fall of 1923 to view the work accomplished. I think it was one of the happiest experiences of his life and he never tired talking of the grandeur of the tropical forests through which he walked and his pride in the work of the Mission.

We must realize that Father Huntington was not always the Superior of the Order—actually he held that office from 1884-1888, from 1897-1907, from 1915-1918 and from 1921-1924. But it was during his years as head of the Order that most of these important developments occurred.

With the growth and prestige of the Order, Father Huntington became more and more looked upon as the leading Anglo-Catholic in the Church at large and it was quite natural that at the great Congress in London in July, 1923, he should have been chosen to make the opening address.

He was considered by many to be one of the greatest preachers in America. As a young man he wrote his sermons and memorized them, for he had a marvelously retentive memory and quickly mastered what he had to quote. Whether he continued this throughout his life, I do not know. Certainly he was a most fluent speaker with a rich musical voice that always commanded attention.

A keen observer, and a very critical one, told me once that the most tensely dramatic moment he had ever experienced was at the Three-Hour Service on Good Friday at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York. The church was packed, listening to my uncle in rapt attention. At the very crisis of the sermon my uncle drew apparently from the folds of his robes a large iron crucifix, which he held high above his head. The picture of this great figure in the pulpit as he thus stood and the wave of intense emotion which swept that vast congregation was unforgettable.

But Father Huntington was not only a great preacher, but a most delightful companion. His fund of stories was inexhaustible and his sense of humor most keen and broad. He was immensely popular with men both old and young. It was a keen delight to him that the Order realizing his power and influence over men made him some ten years before his death a member of the Harvard Club in New York. Stopping there, as was his custom for a meal or the night on many trips through the city, his graceful figure and picturesque garb became a familiar and colorful addition to the life of this social center.

There was an entirely different side to the life of this gallant knight tilting for the cause of Labor and Single Tax, this great organizer and founder of religious and educational institutions, this inspired preacher and leader of Anglo-Catholics the world over. He was passionately devoted to his family. In 1882 at the end of a long letter he begins again:

"Dear Mother: I do not feel satisfied with my letters to you; they tell about outside things, but those which are really the least important in my life. Yet I cannot write of these quiet hours that I spend in my room here or going to and from to our frequent offices in chapel, of that sense of the Presence of GOD which is becoming to I trust, more habitual to me, of those moments when I realize more and more deeply the Love of our dear LORD and my own great unworthiness, of the prayers that I say for you and the others and the loving thoughts that are going out towards you all day long. I am less and less distracted by or taken up with affairs of this world, especially in this quiet season (Lent) I have time such as I have never had for GOD and for the dear ones he has given me. Please think of these things if at any time my letters should seem cold or dull."

And to his father he writes sometime in the 90's before 1897—for while the letter is undated it is from Westminster and he signs himself J.O.S.H. O.H.C.—so it was before his selection as Superior in 1897:

"My dear Father: This ought to reach you in time for me to wish you many blessings on your birthday. More and more precious to me every year seem the relations of the family and the home, more and more do I realize that any knowledge I may have of God came to me first because I had a father and that you were that father. For this and for all else that has come to me through you I ask GOD's benediction on your birthday. Your loving son."



His youngest sister, always particularly dear to him, failed slowly the last years of her life, but steadily. This distressed him much and knowing that she depended upon him more than anyone else he wrote to her daily. These letters were really the work of the Order of the Holy Cross and he felt that he could not call upon the Order for the necessary two and later three letters a day; so he asked me if I would finance these letters. I think this shows as much a love and understanding of family ties as anything that has ever come to my knowledge. We in this organization (Huntington Family Association) do not need any proof of my uncle's love and devotion to the wider group of the Family, for it was he as President that brought the Association to the zenith of its activities by his yearly luncheons in New York and the marvelous 4th Reunion held in this church fifteen years ago. Those of us who were here on that occasion remember his radiant presence and his wonderful address at the dinner when he described the characteristics of the Huntington family.

Late in the month of May, 1935, Father Huntington, always alert to notice departures from the normal in his own health and that of those about him, realized that he was not perfectly well. He promptly went to St. Luke's Hospital, New York—and admitted as a patient for observation. By a very remarkable chance the attending surgeon into whose hands he was assigned was one whose boyhood was spent in Hanover, New Hampshire, where he grew up with other Huntington's niece and nephews, and his surgeon's father took care of Father Huntington when he was ill in Hanover in the early 90's. This distinguished surgeon would not make a diagnosis at once—it seemed as if the trouble might be just functional and yielded so promptly to treatment. X-rays were suspicious but not conclusive. Father Huntington was most anxious to fulfill two engagements in early June and his surgeon felt that it was wise to let him make the effort, but told him that he must come back once if certain symptoms arose. Thus it was possible for my uncle to be at Kent for the Prize Day exercises which he had never

missed save when out of the country. He made his last public address on that day, June 6th, and celebrated the Holy Eucharist the following morning in the little chapel. The epistle was for the Sunday after Ascension and began—"The end of all things is at hand."

He went immediately from Kent back to the hospital and after a few days of observation it was found necessary to perform a most serious operation. This was done on June 13th. He stood the ordeal well and for a week or so it seemed that in spite of his eighty years he might again be up and about, but then he began to fail. I was with him the last three days of his life and with him at the end. He had a message for everyone of his family and took the keenest interest in talking of them with me those last few hours. And he left a message for all of us which he gave the day before he died:

"I know that I am not going to get well.

I want everybody to know that I care, that I always shall care, that I love them, and always will love them—that I am lifting up hands of intercession in prayer for them, and will always intercede for them."

His body rested in St. James' Chapel of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine from ten o'clock July 1st until the Requiem Mass at eleven o'clock the following day. Nearly a thousand were in the congregation and nearly a hundred bishops and priests in the procession. The Presiding Bishop, Bishop Lloyd of the Diocese of New York, Father Burton of the Order of St. John the Evangelist, Father Whitall, assistant Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross, and also the Rev. Paul Huntington, a nephew, took part in the service.

On Father Huntington's eighty-first birthday his body was laid to rest under the high altar of the beautiful chapel at West Park beneath a plain stone slab on which is inscribed:

James Otis Sargent Huntington

FOUNDER

1854-1884-1935



## "If I Had a Million..."

Clouds of dust from the dirt road cover the already dry weeds along its sides, as the automobiles come in one after another during Labor Day week-end; the boys are returning to St. Andrew's School. It is not altogether a dramatic last moment affair, for by Friday night almost half the student body had arrived. How fast they rushed away in June; how avid they are to come back!

You are suddenly hailed by a tall boy: "Hey, Father, have a good summer?"

You look closer. "Why Stebbins you have grown like a weed this summer."

"Yes sir, guess I have," he answers self-consciously. Then a bit more brightly: "I weight 172 now. Guess when I go out for football I'll make the line."

"How many girls did you date this summer?"

"Aw Father, you embarrass me!" He testifies to this fact by blushing violently, as large feet shuffle uneasily on the flag stone hall floor.

"I'm going steady, now. Yes, Father. Here she is."

He pulls his tattered billfold out of the right hip pocket and then displays a picture of a smiling high school girl.

"Ain't she a peach, Father?"

"Yes, but haven't you forgotten some of your English this summer?"

"Aw, Father, you can't remember grammar when you think of a girl like this."

Mutual laughter dissolves the tension.

"Father, come out and meet my mother and my aunt. They're in the car."

His mother is sitting somewhat demurely on the front seat of the 1947 Ford. She is hot and tired. It is a long way from Houston, Texas.

"Father, this is my mother, Mrs. Watts."

The tactful identification saves the day; Southern boys are just naturally tactful. Whatever happens to the nation, don't let them lose their *savoir faire*!

"Won't you come in, Mrs. Watts. Mrs. Bell has some cold punch and coffee in the faculty room."

"Well I *will* take some of that cold punch. That sounds so inviting."

She climbs out and then once inside the cool hall of the main building, the weary traveler is escorted in for punch. She is followed by her taciturn sister who has uttered scarcely a word. (Came against her will to provide company on the way back. Father diagnoses the situation).

More people, all of them strange. A tall woman approaches with a son following closely behind her. He has a very round face and even rounder eye glasses.

"Oh Father, we have just been counting the days until Virgil could come to St. Andrew's. Don't you remember me? When you preached that mission at Trinity Church, my husband and I decided that we wanted our boys to go there. And here is the first of them. Jack and Pete are in the car."

We cannot place her. Trinity Church? She has preached missions in six Trinity Churches. It goes on.

"Hello Father! Have a good summer?"

A whirlwind of welcomes, an effort to identify names with faces, then more introductions as a man and wife come out of the Headmaster's office.

Mrs. Watts wants to see you, Father.

Mrs. Watts starts into the Headmaster's office with her son, the aunt holding up in rear guard action. She pauses, then changing her mind, shows the first sign of demure strateness.

"Father, may I see you, er, while my mother is in there. I don't think she needs me."

"She comes into the Prior's Office after looking the room over selects the most uncomfortable chair on the premises and then clutching her inexpensive handbag dives into a long monologue. It is rapid, unbarred, and the force of her too loud voice tells at once of a subject long on her mind."

"Of course you know my sister's story. But maybe you don't; you're new. Fr. Stebbins knows. I don't know how much he has told you. But, its this way. Mr. Stebbins, my brother-in-law, of course. Well, he was a very attractive man and that's why my sister married him. I thought they married too young and so did our mother. Well, she died before she knew, and I guess it was for the



"Well, Mr. Stebbins, he drank. I don't know whether you know. But Father, it was awful. He swore something terrible and he beat his sister, and he lost his job just before the war was born. Then he took up with other women. And you know. Oh Father, what his sister put up with. She had to go to work as soon as she could after she got out of the hospital. Then her husband left town and she divorced him. Well, she married Mr. Watts and he was good to her. But he didn't live long. He got cancer and that took all they saved so then he died five years ago, and I tried to mind the boy when my sister was working, but Joe, he needed to have a man handle him. He ain't bad, he's just a boy."

Tears begin to flow. The pent-up emotions melt down the icy front of the lonely woman. She opens the handbag and applies a handkerchief to her eyes. Then comes the climax.

"Then Joe came here. Honest, Father, I never saw a boy change more! I taught school and I saw plenty. Well, he developed. He didn't whine and pout any more. My, I was so proud of him. His grades weren't much better, but he was passing. Father, I just thank God for a school like this. Joe could never have had the chance, 'cept there was a school that would take him for the little bit my sister and I can scrape together. Here! I'm Meth'dist myself, but this is a great school. Father, I just wanted to let you know."

"Well, Ma'am," replies the Prior, trying to cover his emotions by a cool exterior, "if it weren't for the loyal people who support this school, Joe would never have had the chance."

"I know that Reverend, I mean Father," adds the woman, as she starts for the door, "and they must be fine people at that. If I had a million dollars, I'd give it to you tomorrow; I think that much of St. Andrew's."

With an air of triumph she goes out. What was it that made her so chilly at first? Was she trying to keep back this story that had to come out? Once in the hall and with her sister the chilly front is resumed. Aha! She's being a bulwark to her little sister who stands in the hall with the boy towering above her. She wears a faded, wistful smile as she goes to the front door with him.

"Gee, Morgan, where'd you get that shirt? Come meet my mother 'n help me get that gear into St. Martin's."

More people, more wide-eyed little boys. A few curious-minded ninth graders walk confidently by the reception room and glance in with disdain at the new boys. In a year they have forgotten they looked that way in September, 1954. The television set is running full blast and howls of laughter add to the confusion.

It is five o'clock. In the monastery chapel Vespers is said to the accompaniment of banging, loud laughs and the eternal sound of radios in St. David's and St. Martin's. Then meditation and supper. Once more we go to the School for the few people who are still arriving. Parents look more tired, the boys more wistful.

It is nearly ten when the offices are closed and we take our leave. It is rather quiet except for the faint breeze which starts a murmur in the white pines. Then in the distance there comes the plaintive note of a mouth organ. Someone is performing, and playing well, "The Yellow Rose of Texas."

## What The Mountain Brought Forth

By JOHN S. BALDWIN, O.H.C.

After the notable volumes by Dr. Dawkins, Dr. Denten, Drs. Pike and Pittenger, and Dr. Shepherd in the *Church's Teaching Series*, and especially after the conferences by Dr. Heuss, Dr. Wedel, and Dr. Howe, we had been expecting great things in the way of lessons for children. It is with sincere regret that we record our disappointment in

the *Seabury Series*. That disappointment will not prevent us from doing our honest best to see and praise what is good in it. As proper Californians we are dredging for gold.

The first nugget is that a courageous attempt has been made. We too came up against the shocking ignorance of young



Episcopalians in the Army. With a few happy exceptions, they knew nothing about God and cared less. That Dr. Heuss and his associates succeeded in waking the Church up to this is an achievement for which they deserve our warmest thanks. No curriculum could be worse than what we had.

The second is the emphasis on the family. No series of lessons can outweigh the example of parents who spend Sunday morning on the golf course or in bed. If Dr. Howe does nothing else in his life than lead our families to worship together, pray together, and try to live together as Christians, he will have done more than anyone else to save our children.

We rejoice also in the insistence that children, even little ones, be treated as persons in their own right, their chatter listened to, their puzzlements taken seriously, their honest questions provided with an honest answer. In this we are with the Seabury authors one hundred percent.

The per cent is not nearly so high when it comes to their reliance on group discussion. Certainly this is a useful technique in some situations. It strikes several notes that very much need to be struck: that the Christian Faith is reasonable; that our individual reason, and especially our conscience, is God's gift; that He wants us not just to swallow Christian teaching but to see it to be true; that the Church is not afraid of having its claims examined, and welcoming light from any source. True, and (we think) important. But, in our experience of preparatory schools and children's missions, discussion in the full sense is effective only with older teenagers and adults. For grammar school and junior high a modified discussion such as we have described in *Lessons for Children*, works very much better. This strikes the notes just mentioned and gives the children a genuine sense of having thought their problem through, in about one-tenth of the time. And it stays on the Christian rails.



THE CHAPEL FROM THE PROFESSED GARDEN



Uncontrolled discussion, moreover, has the inescapable "catch:" it encourages the illusion that we are *constructing* our religion as if anything *we* construct could reach God! We mean, of course, only to study it, not to make it up. Nevertheless, that sense of making it up is absurdly prevalent: *our* insights, *our* "experiences," *our* moral intuitions—that's what counts. But it isn't! What really counts is not what *we* think about God, but what *God* thinks about us, and still more what God has *done*. If we turn this hindside before, putting our own needs and problems first, and set ourselves to *make* a religion that will meet them, what we are really doing is to *make our own God*. And that is to break the real God's second commandment.

We do not think for a moment that this is what the Seabury authors intend. They want our needs and experiences seen *in the light of the Christian Gospel*. Unfortunately the manuals do not make this any too clear. They do indeed suggest that the teacher inject into the discussion Bible stories, or references to the Prayer Book, or to the Teaching Series, that will illuminate the problem and steer it toward a Christian solution. But suppose this doesn't work. Suppose that the group, with all best intentions, arrives at a sub-Christian or anti-Christian answer. What then?

Suppose, for example, that after all "resources" have been drawn on, the group's "insight" is that it is right to tell a white lie; or that in business we may adopt the ethics, if any, of our competitors; or that fornication is only "natural;" or that idiot babies may be gently chloroformed—what exactly is the leader to do? Is he, in the interests of "accepting" every-body, to smile and say, "This insight must be from the Holy Ghost?" No? All right, what *is* he to say? Where in any Seabury manual does it tell him?

Our Lord's Apostles knew all about discussion. It was widely practiced not only among cultured Greeks, but also among the Rabbis. Our Lord was a master of it. St. Paul reveled in it. St. Stephen was so clever at it that his opponents pitched him off the cliff. With these illustrious examples before

them, why did not the Apostles use discussion more? Simply because their job was, not to develop their own ideas, but to deliver a message from God. That message, they felt, must be delivered just as God gave it. They must not add to it, sugar it, or water it down. No "other gospel" was even to have a hearing. They were to proclaim what the Lord sent them to proclaim, not something different. That was the Apostles' aim. What is the aim of the authors of this Series?

For further light on that question we proceed to examine some of their manuals in detail:

*Right or Wrong?* (Teacher's Manual, Grade 4), Seabury Press, \$1.40. We compliment the authors on their warning (p. 16) against merely "being good," and against an "impersonal" law. Christianity means personal surrender to our Lord in the fellowship of His disciples. Amen, amen. Unfortunately our authors go on to use phrases wide open to misunderstanding. At one point they seem to imply that a Christian has no law except his conscience, or even that he has no law at all.

We cannot believe that this is what our authors mean. Both statements are of course familiar. They have plagued us off and on for hundreds of years. They arise usually from too hasty reading of St. Paul. Even if, as some suppose, St. Paul himself held these views at first, he soon came to see that a law was still needed, and wrote out lists of things we must not do if we want to "inherit the Kingdom of God." Granted that *if* we loved God with all our heart, as Christians should, we would not need to be told not to lie, murder, and steal. But since in fact we don't love God like that, we do need to be told those things, and told them over and over. Not only so, but those very Commandments, grim and "impersonal" though they seem, are God's principle instrument for bringing us back to Him. For us, too, the Law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. The Gospel is the news of God's love for those who break His law. If then you do not see the law, you do not see the love either. "If there were no Law, there would not be any Gospel."

But why argue the point? Our Lord Himself has settled it once for all: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." (Matthew 5:17-19) This is what Jesus said: what say ye?

Our compliments again on the suggestions (pp. 23-28) for getting to know the children. We like also the flexible, Sunday-by-Sunday planning, geared to their actual concerns. But we feel strongly that on many of these concerns the teacher is going to need much more guidance than this manual provides. To name only a few of the questions that are sure to come up: When is it right to disobey? When is it right to fight? When is it right to break a promise? When is it right to lie? What is the difference between coveting and legitimate desire? And even nine year olds can ask about the rights and wrongs of sex. On points as delicate as that do we want answers improvised by amateurs? Or do we want the answers of the world-wide Fellowship, guided by God? If the latter, then why not scrap the prosy Chapters 10 and 11 and put in some suggested plans for lessons? Even if the projected volume on *Christian Living* comes out this year, we still think this should be done.

And note, please, that the "concerns" just mentioned are all from the *Second Table*—from our duty to our neighbor. The real heart of Christian morality is in our duty to God. Here if anywhere the teacher must know the Christian answers. Where is he to find them? If they are in *Christian Living*, written for adults, how is he to adapt them to children? Those who have not wrestled with such adapting have no idea how difficult it is.

With the advice on how to tell a Bible story (pp. 99-102) we are frankly amazed. One of the purposes of the course is (p.7) to present God as the chief Actor in the

play. Yet when we tell the story of Moses we are to be careful not to say, "God called to Moses out of the burning bush," but rather (p. 100) "The strong feeling came to Moses that he must go back!" In other words we must *leave out God!* O.K., you just tell a few stories that way to children nine years old and watch them yawn.

But the book has another fault that is very much worse. The purpose of the Seabury Series is (Preface p.v.) to lead children to have *first-hand experience of God's redeeming love*. This means, if it means anything, that they must experience the joy of being forgiven. How are they to find that joy?

It is of course something that teacher and classmates should always "accept" them, no matter how bad they are. That is important, but is it all? Ought not a child to be taught to kneel down and *ask God* to forgive him? To help a child do that simply and naturally and yet not intrude on the child, is a great art. Where in this manual is that art explained?

Nor is that the only lack. The sins of a nine-year old are not anything like as serious, in themselves, as our sins. But they must give the child's conscience an ugly wound. And that wound may fester there for years. When that has happened there is only one way for him to be happy again: he must *confess to someone*. Only a priest can give him absolution. But if the child does not yet know about that, or if he cannot find a priest to whom it is easy for him to "open his grief," surely it is better for him to open it to his mother, or his teacher, or his scout leader, or his athletic coach or anyone else he trusts more than to keep it locked up inside him.<sup>1</sup>

Not that anyone has a right to *make* him tell. In the heart even of a child there is an inner sanctuary where no one else belongs. If he *wants* to open it to you, that is beautiful—and sacred. But no one—not even his mother—has any right to break down that door.

<sup>1</sup> No one ever stressed the Sacrament of Penance more than did Fr. Huntington, our Founder. Yet in his *One Hundred Questions Ethical*, Lesson, XVII. Answer 3, he went so far as to say, "God has given us our father and mother to hear our confession." Only after that does he go on to Answer 4, "In the Church the priest will hear our confession" and (Answer 5) "... give us absolution."



But suppose that he *wants* to confess and put you, Teacher, as his chosen confidant. What exactly are you to do? You probably sense that this is a crisis in that child's life. His happiness, perhaps for years to come, may hinge on what you say and do. The opportunity is yours to let him know God's love and mercy as never before—or to do him irreparable harm. Are you going to trust to luck, or would you like a little guidance? Where is any such guidance in this book?

*God's Family*, by E. M. Conger, Seabury Press, \$1.40.

This is disappointing in the extreme. We have no particular quarrel with *The Adventures of Jeremy Brown*. But the attempt to condense the whole story of the Bible into 100 pages is pathetic. We are indeed amused to find that at the burning bush Moses actually met and talked with God! But when we find that nine-tenths of the Old Testament stories are left out, and the other one-tenth mangled, we are not amused at all. Once "children like to be read to," why not let their parents read them the Bible?

The New Testament (in ten pages!) fares even worse. The Nativity of God the Son is described in the following sentence (p. 178): "Later, when Mary was married to Joseph, a son was born to her in Bethlehem, which was in Judea." The other Mighty Acts are told (pp. 182-184) as follows: "He died on the cross." "Three days later, on the first Easter, He rose from the dead." "After our Lord ascended into heaven, the Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost."<sup>2</sup>

We are of course aware of the theory that the Virgin Birth is "only a corollary" and that the Church could well "do without it." Let us for the moment leave that to those who are interested in theories. For Christianity is based not on theories, but on facts. And the fact is that when God the Son became incarnate, He became incarnate of a virgin.

2: Of Creation we do not see any mention.

We notice also another fact: that those who are not sure about the Virgin Birth are so often not sure about the Incarnation either: they are not quite ready to say that He who was born of Mary is very God of very God. *Where does it say that in this book?*

It will not do to answer that this book is only trying to sum up what is given in the gospels. If you want to sum up the gospels, do at least sum them up correctly. Leave out St. John if you must. But face squarely the

## DANGER

With regret we postpone to later issues our review of the junior high school "resource book" entitled *More Than Words*. Of all the books in the Seabury Series, this is by far the most interesting and important. It contains one hundred of "the Church's words" defined and explained for children twelve years old. In explaining them the authors have clearly tried to speak to the mind of the Church. But this is by no means easy. Indeed, to find just the right words to express what the Church means and rule out contrary meanings—in short, words that *cannot be misunderstood*—is the world's hardest job. It is also the most important. Certainly the Christian Faith is "more than words." But it has to be expressed in words. And if, with however good intentions, the *meaning* of those words is changed, THEN THE FAITH HAS BEEN CHANGED.

To guard against this is no task for one reviewer. We must have help. We therefore appeal to any of our readers who have studied, or who will study, *More Than Words*, to send us their comments on its definitions. Address them, please, to Fr. John S. Baldwin, O.H.C., P. O. Box 1296, Santa Barbara, California.

The book contains much gold, but also some sand, and even, we fear, a few chunks of TNT. Please help us sort them out.

fact that St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke portray a Christ who *claimed in His own right* to revise the law of God, to forgive sinners, and to be the final Judge of quick and dead. That claim can rightly be made by only One.

Whatever may be thought about soft-pedaling the Virgin Birth, there can be no

two opinions about soft-pedaling the Incarnation. For that is the keystone of the Christian arch. If the Son of Mary was not really God, as well as really man, then nothing is known about God, and we sinners have not been redeemed. We submit that a book that leaves this uncertain is no book to give to our children.

## The Last Things

BY E. BURKE INLOW

"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou returneth." Holy Scripture delays not at all in reminding man of his imminent death. By the 3rd chapter of Genesis, we see clearly our end. Death is the sure reward of life. As a great saint has remarked, "We are born with a halter around our necks and every step we take brings us nearer to the grave."

Though death is certain, its exact moment is unknown. The statistics of life insurance companies are worth nothing to us. As God's creatures, we are subject to His will alone in this manner of earth tenure. We are, as the Preacher reminds us, fish caught in a net. Why this paradox? The event certain, the time uncertain. Only the Christian can give the answer to this. He knows that the moment of death is concealed by God simply in order that we may be prepared to die. For death, in itself, is not the end but rather a grim threshold through which each must walk to a final destiny. Rank, power, wealth, position will secure no special privilege at this hour. Each man will carry his own. And what he carries is his soul's preparation. "Watchman, what of the night?" Can there be preparation apart from God? A good death is essential. What then do we bring Him? Our victories? Perhaps. Our sorrows? Certainly. Our love? Adoringly. But what the world holds as the measure, not at all. There can be only one preparation for death—a man must always live as if he is at the hour of death. God has not promised us tomorrow. Perhaps He will give it, perhaps not. Meanwhile, the devil is seeking to persuade us otherwise. He tells us there will always be time to receive absolution and to make it up. He tells us to live and let repentance come with age. So, we fritter away the

time, deferring until tomorrow what we know should be done today. One day passes, another day passes, and death greets us at dawn.

God warns sinners that at death men shall seek and not find him. If life prepares us for death, it may also fail to prepare us. At death, worldly men will find their understanding weak and darkened and their hearts hardened by evil habits. How will they be able to resist at death what they could not accept in life? A change of heart is not easily accomplished and yet on that final hour depends man's happiness or misery for eternity. Job once asked: "What then shall I do when God riseth up . . . and what shall I answer Him." In the parlance of the day, this is the 64 dollar question. And yet men will escape asking it by substituting an easier one, "have I been so bad after all," or "am I worse than anyone else." They do not have the perspicacity to realize that Job's question will be asked whether they ask it or not. On the day of judgment there will be no one to crib the answers—no father, wife, husband, or friend. We will stand alone and we shall look upon Him whom we have pierced. With the same wounds with which He ascended into heaven, Jesus Christ will come to judge the soul and "the nails shall complain of thee and the wounds and cross of Christ shall speak against thee." Nothing will remain hidden. The conscience will be laid across the Gospel and measured word for word, and sentence will be passed. "Then shall He say unto thee on the left hand, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed into everlasting fire.'"

"Will God really send me to hell?" St. Augustine was once asked. "Do not say so," the Holy Doctor urged, "when the day of

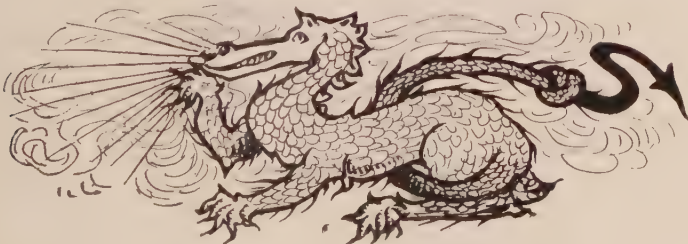


gment comes it will be as Holy Scripture says it will be." Of hell, there has been much written. But even Dante, who writes so graphically of those nether regions, did not fully believe that the torments of hell are punishments arbitrarily inflicted as a father might punish his son for stealing candy. Hell is reality seen as Evil. It is, as Dorothy Sayers says, a "Miserific Vision." Gone is the horror, the thrill, the gaiety of the forbidden. There is the vivid interplay of personalities who never saw the man on the cross—who continually skirted the hill of Calvary. Left in place is the essence of the alone. As Edward Taylor tells us in the "Cocktail Party": "Hell is oneself. Hell is alone, the other figures in it are merely projections. There is nothing to escape and nothing to escape to." Surely Hell is pain. The pain of having lost God. For in committing sin, the sinner has abandoned God, the sovereign Good. Hence, the torment of Hell is that man, having himself turned aside and not returned, can no longer see the face of God.

Hell is also eternal—else it will not be Hell. Pain that endures for a short time is not severe punishment. But this goes on forever. Not once. Not twice. Not a year. But always. And always these thoughts will hammer at the conscience—the thought of the flames to which the soul is damned; the thought of the little that was required to be saved; the thought of the great good that has been irrevocably lost.

St. Paul reminds us that while we are in the body, we are absent from the Lord. Thus, while the thought of hell can be monstrous in the extreme, nothing can delight the soul more than the knowledge that the chief reward of heaven is God himself. To see Him face to face, not thru a glass darkly, but as He is. Earthbound in this life, we know little but earthly enjoyments. Paradise is so often a starry heaven, a beautiful sea, a lovely garden. But Heaven is not this. It is the Beatific vision itself, the seeing of God in His essence. It is a perfect relationship in which every desire is perfect, ripe and whole. There is no limitation of time or space. And, in that eternal whole, all things fit together as a unity. To enter into the joy of the Lord is not to see this unity as an exchange between God and man, but as a single Primal thought in which all things are mirrored. "Thy will be done" because no other will exists. Through a free choice man has chosen to be at one with God. All the trials, infirmities, persecutions and pains are gone. For the soul, confirmed in grace, can no longer sin. What man has known as the abstractions and ideals of his mind have become the Being's self. The vision of God has become reality. The vision of man no longer exists. In one tremendous fusion of blinding love, all things cease but One.

The last things—death, judgment—hell—heaven. How fares the battle, Christian?



# Have You Heard?

Sermon By The Rev. Peter C. Moore  
Curate at St. Luke's Chapel  
Trinity Parish, N. Y.

on

*Religious Life Sunday, May 22, 1955*

This Sunday is Religious Life Sunday, a time of the year when the Religious Orders of our Church ask that parish clergy preach about the work of the various communities and the meaning of that work. We at Saint Luke's are perhaps more fortunate than most in that we have sisters working in the parish, and that the monks from Holy Cross are frequent visitors here. In many parts of the Protestant Episcopal Church, people do not even know that monasteries and convents exist in our Communion.

In fact they were not part of the Anglican Communion until fairly recently. In 1537 Henry VIII abolished all the religious communities in England. His reason for doing this was to get at the enormous wealth of the monasteries and convents, not so much because he disapproved of the religious life itself. The communities had long ceased to make any contribution to the life of the Church in England, spiritually, morally, or in terms of good works. This fact is shown in that the people of England, who were very anti Reformation on the whole, accepted the move without protest, and that the monks and nuns themselves were quickly re-absorbed into secular society.

From 1537 until the 1840's there were no continuing religious communities. With the Catholic Revival or Oxford Movement during the eighteen thirties and forties, the drive towards the religious life reached its fulfillment with the establishment of definite and continuing communities. The leaders of the Oxford Movement, however, were not motivated by a desire merely to be Medieval. Rather they were concerned about the appalling social conditions in England. The first attempts to found an order for women was in the direction of Nursing Sisters to replace the obscene and drunken, though often capable nurses in London hospitals. The

slum conditions in some of the larger cities in England were beyond our imagining, and the compassion which sprang from a renewed faith in our Lord spurred the early leaders of the revival to do something about these things. The solution they saw was in founding religious orders.

The struggle to establish religious houses is a thrilling one. Government opposition, popular suspicion and hostility, inexperience among the leaders of the first communities almost destroyed the movement before it began. We have to remember that the movement was going on in Victorian England with its stuffy morals and religious prejudices, against women in the world in particular. That the course of the revival was successful can only be attributed to the Holy Ghost who inspired men of good will with vision and courage.

The first community to be permanently established was the Sisterhood of the Holy Trinity, in 1848. They began work in the slums of Plymouth, working among the poor and outcast, nursing, teaching, helping whatever they could. They were subjected to all sorts of lewd insinuations about their moral character because they could and would not stay out in the streets unattended at any time of day or night to help the sick or dying. They were accused of secretly being Roman Catholics because they had a crucifix in their chapel. They were said to be un-English because they were nuns. There was no limit to the abuse hurled upon them. That they performed heroic service during outbreaks of plague in 1849 and 1850 made no difference. That they were first among the volunteers to go to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale and that one of their number was responsible for revealing to Parliament all the hideous scandal of conditions there made little impression in official circles. It is true



however, that popular criticism was silenced in this service, and the Sisters won the hearts of the nation. Queen Victoria ignored a little band of Anglican Sisters, though she decorated Miss Nightingale and the Roman Catholic sisters for their service. Such is the official attitude.

Other sisterhoods followed hard upon the heels of the Sisterhood of the Holy Trinity. In 1852, the Community of St. John Baptist, to which our sisters here at St. Luke's belong, was started by a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and many others.

The growth of religious orders for men is even more difficult, for while women could find a place in the world through a sisterhood, and unmarried women were not uncommon, for men to give up life in the world and to remain unmarried was definitely considered strange. The Society of Mission Priests of Saint John the Evangelist was the first English male community, and after several abortive attempts the Order of the Holy Cross became the first American one. The movement has grown steadily in both men and women's orders until there are in this country some twenty-six communities for men and women.

What do they do? First of all, they pray. Bishop Whittemore once said they are fingers of God pointing to heaven showing all of us what is the first duty of Christians. They work in the world, teaching in schools and often running them, nursing in hospitals, and caring for the aged and chronically ill. They give parish missions, conduct retreats and quiet days. Their monasteries and convents are a haven for the spiritually weary, where men and women in the world can go and renew themselves in the peace and quiet found in every religious house. They do missionary work at home and abroad often under the most trying circumstances, amid heat and disease and terrific living conditions.

Now, while the revival of the Religious life is a comparatively recent thing, it is by no means alien to the Episcopal Church or the Anglican Communion. As early as the end of the sixteenth century, there was discussion about a revival of community life. In the sixteenth century there was the famous community of Nicholas Ferrar, and during

the reign of Queen Anne, groups of people tried to start religious communities. Their failure to become a permanent part of Anglicanism is not due to their alien character. Rather it is due to the breaking of a tradition, and then the almost complete ignorance of those interested in restoring it, of what the religious life involved. Further, prejudice against Roman Catholicism was so high that popular hostility made any move in this direction out of the question. Yet there has always been in Anglicanism this yearning for something, only now attained after long struggle.

What has this yearning sought for? Why do people want to be monks and nuns? The answer to this question is not so different from the question, why are we what we are? We are what we are, we do what we do, because God calls us to be what we are and to do what we do. We may not be very aware of God's calling us to be secretaries, clerks, executives, bus drivers, postmen, writers, artists, or even priests. But if we look back on our lives we can see how the force of events has brought us where we are, and it is God who controls events and it is through events that we learn His will for us. We call our states of life, vocations, and to be a monk or a nun is another kind of vocation, a response to the calling of God.

The vocation to the religious life involves at least three things which bear in upon a man and a woman. They make him increasingly uncertain of his vocation in the world: they lead him out of the world to something else. First of all, vocation to the religious life is the vocation to the life of prayer in its fullest sense. Most of us have to compromise with our Lord's command to pray without ceasing. We are in the world and the world makes such demands upon us as to make it nearly impossible for us to give ourselves wholly to prayer. We cannot quite manage it. The men and women in the religious life begin, continue, and end their lives in prayer, and the demands of the world take second place. It is a highly developed kind of prayer. It is adoration in its fullest, with the vision of God constantly before one. For some it reaches those wondrous ecstatic moments of union with God—when God is known face to face. It is vocation to prayer

which is Christ praying in His Church. Through the Eucharist, through the Divine Office, through the Monastic Office, hearts, hands, and voices give praise and thanksgiving to God, as they sing in union with our Lord the glory of God and His mercy towards all men. It is vocation to a life of prayer which is an offering to God on behalf of all those who do not pray. It is an offering of reparation for sin. For those who blaspheme, or doubt, or whose minds wander, it is intercession with Christ's intercession for all men everywhere. This kind of prayer is the life-blood of the Church. It flows out to all parts of the Church to give light and life to the whole of the Body of Christ.

The vocation to the religious life means secondly, the vocation to live in community under the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. It is not a vocation to escape the world nor above all to escape the Devil and his temptations. Any monk or nun will tell you that the Devil is very much at home in a religious house. This community life is patterned after our Lord's life, with a total obedience to His command to sell all, to obey God, and to give one's life solely to God. It is a life in which all things are common, and to which possessions can cease to be the snare and delusion that they are to most of us. It is not that it is necessarily a life of true poverty, though monasticism has always included this strain, so much as the individual renunciation of any claim to anything in the desire to accept what God will bring to one day by day. It is giving oneself to God with that singleness of eye which our Lord counseled. The man or the woman who gives up willingly the greatest gift God can give him, a natural family, gains a greater understanding of what it means to belong to the family of God. God in fact does call some to give up natural family and to live the vow of chastity. We should never forget that one can give oneself as wholly to God through that means as married people do through mystical union of two made one flesh.

This life in a religious community is a life of obedience. It is complete submission to the will of the community as found in its rules and regulations, and summed up in obedience to the Superior of the order. It is

an unquestioning obedience, humanly speaking, that God's will may be done. If we learn to obey men totally in these circumstances, we have learned to obey God. If we give our will to men, we can give up our will to God, and let Him conform us to the image of Christ in us.

Finally, the vocation to the religious life involves a real share in Christ's work in the world. To enter an order is never retreat from the world. It is rather a withdrawal from it in order to return to it. Even the most strictly enclosed contemplative communities return to do the work of the Gospel in the world, by retreats, by devotional work, and above all in the powerful stream of prayer that they send out unto all the world. Other orders, having found the true source of all wisdom, seek to teach others by running schools, still others find the true source of healing which leads them to nursing. We have learned what is the true source of life and they seek to bring it to a world that seeks the lesser sources. In that knowledge monks and nuns follow after our Lord in their withdrawal into a desert place, resting with Him a while, that they may be refreshed and filled with new zeal for the work that needs to be done in all times and in all places. They give glory to God, and show forth the healing power of God to a world that is sick. They praise Him who has given to all men the blessings of His love, not apart from the rest of us, but joining with us who are also His people, worshipping and adoring God to the ages of ages.





# Birthday Commemorations

## *St. Charles Borromeo*

St. Charles Borromeo was Archbishop of Milan and Papal Secretary of State under his uncle, Pius IV. He was born in the northern part of Italy October 2, 1538 and died in Milan November 3, 1584, although his feast is kept on November 4.

This saint was only twenty-five years of age when he became Archbishop of Milan. His honors were showered upon him but these preferments served only to humble this gently soul.

He was one of the leaders of the Catholic Counter-Reformation. It was largely through his influence that the Council of Trent reassembled after being suspended for ten years. In his great work of internal reform of the Church, Borromeo announced to the prelates at the reform must begin with them. "We ought to walk in front, and our spiritual subjects will follow us more easily."

It was his example more than anything else which broke the force of the Reformation in Italy and Switzerland and kept many of the Church who otherwise would have broken away.

## *St. Hugh of Lincoln*

Saint Hugh of Lincoln was born about the year 1135, a descendent of one of the noblest of Burgundian houses. After the death of his wife Hugh's father took his son with him to the Augustinian monastery of Willard-Benoit. Here Hugh became a religious and was ordained deacon at the age of nineteen. Feeling a stronger attraction to the contemplative life he was received as a novice at the Grande Chartreuse in 1153, where he later became a priest.

In 1180 he was entrusted with the Priorship of Witham in Lincoln. Hugh ruled his monastery wisely and fearlessly condemned the King for his interference in the affairs of the Church, especially in his practice of keeping benefices vacant in order to derive their revenue.

Despite his opposition to the crown it was King Henry who backed him for the See of Lincoln. However, Hugh refused his election to the episcopate on the grounds that it

was not a free election. Again he was elected Bishop of Lincoln unanimously, and once again he rejected his election until his superior gave his consent. He was consecrated at Westminster Abbey in 1181 and died in London on November 16, 1200.

## *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*

St. Elizabeth, the daughter of King Andrew II of Hungary was born in 1207. When she was but four years of age a marriage for political reasons was arranged for her. Soon afterward, she was taken to the Thuringian court to be brought up with her future husband. Despite the air of worldly magnificence in which she was reared, Elizabeth grew up a very religious child with a great love of prayer and self-mortification.

Before the marriage took place her intended husband died and she was betrothed to Ludwig, the second son of the family. They were married in 1221, Ludwig being twenty-one and Elizabeth fourteen.

This marriage was in every way a happy and exemplary one, and Ludwig gave his protection to her acts of charity. Ludwig died while on a crusade to Palestine. The news did not reach Elizabeth until just after the birth of her third child. When she heard the news of the death of her husband, Elizabeth, only twenty years old cried out: "The world with all its joys is now dead to me."

In 1221 the followers of St. Francis made their first settlement in Germany. It was from contact with them that Elizabeth received the ideals of St. Francis which strongly appealed to her. Her station in life would not permit her to embrace the vow of poverty. She did, however, distribute her dower amongst the poor. On Good Friday in 1228 in the Franciscan house at Eisenach, which she had built for the Franciscans, Elizabeth formally renounced the world, and she and her maids received the dress of the Third Order of St. Francis. They were among the first tertiaries in Germany. She continued her ministrations to the sick, poor, and needy, especially those afflicted with the most loathsome diseases.

She was only 24 when she died in 1231.

At her canonization she was declared the "greatest woman of the German Middle Ages."

#### *St. Edmund*

St. Edmund, King and Martyr, was born about 840. The earliest and most reliable account represents him as descended from the kings of East Anglia, although later legends declare him to be the son of King Alcmund of Saxony.

Edmund was crowned at the early age of fifteen in 855. He ruled prudently dispensing equal justice to all and closed his ears to flatterers and untrustworthy informers. In his eagerness for prayer he learned the whole Psalter by heart in order that he might recite it regularly.

In 870 during a fierce battle with two Danish chiefs he was captured and endured many tortures. After he refused to accept the terms imposed on him, which he felt bound as a Christian to refuse, his head was struck off.

#### *St. Katherine of Alexandria*

St. Katherine was of noble birth and learned in the sciences. At the age of 18 she boldly upbraided emperor Maximus for his vio-

lent persecution of Christians. Such boldness astounded the Emperor who called in numerous scholars to use their skill that Katherine might be led to apostacize. Katherine emerged from this ordeal victorious while several of her adversaries were converted and were then put to death.

Katherine was scourged and imprisoned. The Empress was so impressed by this astounding woman that she went with a band of soldiers to visit her in the dungeon. They too, yielded to her exhortations, believing and were baptized, and immediately won the martyr's crown.

Her constancy and faith brought about many conversions that Maximus condemned her to die on the wheel. However, the instrument of her torture was miraculously destroyed by a bolt of lightning. The enraged emperor then had her beheaded. The spiked wheel became the emblematic symbol of Katherine.

Katherine of Alexandria is a saint especially dear to the Order of the Holy Cross, for it was on her feast day, November 25, that our Father Founder, James O. S. Huntinton, made his life-profession in 1884.

## The Augustinian Catena

### CHAPTER XXXI

*That neither by exterior nor interior senses  
can God be found.*

1. I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost, seeking Thee without, who art within  
And with much labour have I sought Thee outside, although, if I so desire, Thou dwellest with me.

I have wandered round the streets and lanes of the city of this world, seeking Thee, and have not found Thee: because mistakenly I sought Thee without who art within.

I sent out my messengers, all my external senses, that they might seek Thee, and they have not found Thee, because I sought Thee in the wrong way.

For now I perceive, O God my Light, who hast illumined me, how wrongly I sought Thee through my senses: For Thou art

within me, and they did not even know what Thou hadst entered.

2. For the eyes say: If He was not coloured, He could not have entered through us;

The ears say, if He did not make any sound He did not pass through us:

The nose says: If He had no fragrance, I did not come through me;

And taste says: If He had no savour, I did not enter through me;

And then touch adds: If He had no substance, it is no use asking me about Him.

And none of these attributes belong to Thee, O my God.

For when I seek my God, I seek neither beauty of form nor grace of countenance nor the dazzling brightness of eyes or complexion; I seek not the singing sweet melody, however dulcet the sound



neither fragrance of flowers or ointments  
or scents, nor the pleasant, taste of honey  
or manna, nor any other delectable thing  
that may be touched or handled, nor any-  
thing that is perceptible to the senses: far  
be it from me to find my God in these  
sensations which are felt also by the brute  
beasts.

And so, when I seek my God, I seek  
nevertheless a kind of light which tran-  
scends all other light, which the eye can-  
not see:

that voice, which is above all other voices,  
that the ear cannot hear:

that fragrance, which is above all other  
fragrance, that the nose cannot perceive:

*How GOD cannot be found through  
the senses*

sweetness that is above all sweetness, yet  
which taste cannot enjoy:

such an embrace as is so superior to all  
other embrace, that touch cannot per-  
ceive it.

that light shall assuredly sparkle where no  
place receives it.

that voice shall sound where no breeze can  
catch it:

his fragrance is diffused where no breath  
of air can waft it:

his savour is sweet where no gluttony exists  
to delight in it:

his embrace is felt where it cannot be torn  
away.

Such is my God. And there is none like unto  
Him. This is what I seek, when I seek my  
God. This is what I love, when I love Him.

Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty  
of all the ages, that yet is ever new; too  
late I have loved Thee!

And Thou wast within, and I without: And  
there was I seeking Thee.

And I, misshapen one, was greedily grasp-  
ing only the beautiful things which Thou  
hast made, Thou wast with me, but I was  
not with Thee.

And these things, which could have no being  
but in Thee, kept me far off from Thee.  
For I wandered about, seeking Thee in all  
these creatures, and for their sake neglec-  
ting myself.

I asked the earth if perchance it might be  
my God, and it said it was not: and all

things that are therein made the same  
confession.

I asked the sea, and the depths, and the living  
creatures that are therein, and they re-  
plied: We are not thy God, seek Him  
above us.

I asked the still atmosphere, and the realm  
of the air, and all the inhabitants thereof  
answered: Anaximenes the Philosopher is  
mistaken, I am not thy God.

I asked the heavens, the sun, the moon, the  
stars, and they said: Neither are we thy  
God.

5. So then I said to all these things that  
stand about the doorways of my bodily  
senses: As regards my God, ye have told  
me that you are not He: now tell me some-  
thing about Him.

And they all shouted with a loud voice: It  
is He Who hath made us.

Thus I asked the foundations of the universe:  
Tell me if thou art my God, or no?

And its tremendous voice answered: I am  
not He: but through Him I have my being.  
He whom thou seekest Himself made me.  
Seek Him above me, who made me, who  
governs me.

Therefore, the questioning of the creatures  
is man's deep thought about them: their  
response is their great testimony to God,  
for they all with one voice cry aloud: God  
made us.

Thus, as saith the Apostle: The invisible  
things of God since the creation of the  
world are clearly seen, being perceived  
through the things that are made.

6. And I came to myself: and entering into  
my own heart, I said to myself: What art  
thou? And I replied to myself: I am a  
mortal, reasonable man.

*That GOD cannot be apprehended  
by the senses.*

Then I began to discuss how this might be;  
and I said: Whence does such a creature  
come, O Lord my God? Whence, if not  
from Thee?

Thou hast made me, and not I myself. Who  
art Thou, by Whom I live? Thou, by  
Whom all things live? Who art Thou?

Thou, O Lord my God, art true, and alone  
omnipotent, and eternal, and incompre-  
hensible, and immeasurable.

Thou ever livest, and in Thee nothing dies;

Thou art immortal, inhabiting eternity, wonderful in the eyes of Angels, indescribable, unimaginable, unnameable; God, living and true, terrible and mighty, knowing neither beginning nor end, who art before the beginning and the first cause of all the ages. Thou art my God, the Lord of all things which Thou hast created. And in Thee is the root of the stability of all things; and the unchangeable beginning of all changeable things is in Thee; the reasons of all rational and irrational things both temporal and eternal, are in Thee.

7. Tell me then, Thy suppliant servant, O my God, tell Thy wretched slave, O most pitiful, tell me, I beseech Thee, by Thy mercies, whence does such a creature come, if not from Thee?

For who can be so great an artificer that he can make himself?

Or from whence, if not from Thee, can he receive his being, and his power to live?

For art not Thou that perfection of Being from whom all being comes? And whatever is, is from Thee, for without Thee nothing exists.

Art not Thou the Fount of life, from whom all life flows? And everything that has life, lives by Thee: Thus Thou, O Lord, hast made all things.

Do I ask, who made me? It was Thou, O Lord, who madest me, for without Thee was not anything made. Thou art my Maker, I am Thy handiwork.

I give thanks to Thee, my Maker, for that Thy hands made me and fashioned me.

I give thanks to Thee, my Light, because Thou hast enlightened me, and I have found Thee and myself.

When I found myself, then I knew myself: when I found Thee, then I knew Thee: but, when I knew Thee, Thou didst enlighten me that I might know Thee, therefore I give thanks unto Thee, O Light, for this illumination.

8. Yet, how can I say, I have known Thee? Art not Thou, God, incomprehensible, immeasurable, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who only hast immortality, dwelling in light inaccessible, whom no man hath seen, nor can see?

Art not Thou, verily, a God who hidest Thyself, of unsearchable Majesty, known and

understood in Thine excellence only Thyself?

Who, then, can know what he has never seen?

For Thou hast said in Thy truth: No man shall see me and live. And, through Thy truth, Thy seer has said: no man has seen God at any time. Who, then, can know what he has never seen?

And Thy Truth Himself has said: No man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither doth any man know the Father save the Son.

Thy Trinity, in all its integrity, is known only to Thyself, because it passeth man's understanding.

*That GOD can not be known by the senses only.*

9. How then, can I, a man like unto vanity, have said: I know Thee?

But what is this? How can anyone except Thyself know Thee?

For Thou only art God, omnipotent, ever to be praised, glorious above all.

Thou art exalted far above all, Most High, perfect in Thine Essence, Thou art extolled in the most holy and divine oracles.

For Thou art honoured above all that can be thought or felt or understood, and exalted above all names that can be named not only in this world, but in that which is to come.

Most high art Thou in Thine essence, and worthy above all understanding, because in Thine ineffable and hidden divinity, beyond all reason, mind or being, Thou dwellest inaccessible and unsearchable Thyself, where is light unapproachable and radiance unsearchable, incomprehensible, indescribable, to which no other light is comparable, because it is not possible to contemplate it, to approach it; for it is invisible, beyond reason, it passes understanding, it is not to be imparted any.

Which neither Angels nor men have seen nor can see.

Such is Thy dwelling place, O Lord, the very height of heaven, the invisible zenith, the light beyond understanding, above reason, superessential light, as is written: The heaven of heavens is the dwelling of the Lord.



Thus, the heaven of heavens is the Lord's for it is known to none but to the Lord: no one has ascended to it but He who came down from heaven.

No one knoweth the Father but the Son, and the Spirit of Both:

And no one knoweth the Son but the Father, and the Spirit of Both:

For the Holy Trinity is known in Its integrity only to Itself, Holy, most wonderful, above description, unsearchable, inaccessible, incomprehensible, above all thought, all being, in Its essential Being passing all understanding, all reason, all thought, all intelligence all power of heavenly beings, whom neither speech can declare, nor mind nor reason grasp, nor even the eyes of angels perceive.

How then, did I come to know Thee, O Lord, O God most High above all the earth and above the heavens? Whom neither Cherubim nor Seraphim can perfectly know: but, veiling their faces, with the wings of contemplation before Him that sitteth upon the throne, high and lifted up, they ceaselessly cry and say: Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.

And the listening prophet feared greatly, and said: Woe is me, for I have been silent, because I am a man of unclean lips. And my own heart feared greatly, and I said: Woe is me, for I have not kept silence, seeing that I am a man of unclean lips: but I have presumed to say, I have known Thee.

But yet, O Lord, it is woe to them who hold their peace about Thee: since it is without Thee that the loquacious become mute. And I, O Lord my God, will not keep silence, since Thou hast made me, and illumined me.

Thou Thyself hast found me, and made Thyself known to me by Thine ineffable light.

But in what way have I known Thee? *That GOD can not be known by the senses only.*

I have known Thee, not as Thou art in Thyself, but as Thou art to me: and that, not without Thee, but in Thee, because Thou art in me, and I in Thee.

That true Light which lightens me.

For as Thou art verily, Thou art known

only to Thyself, but as Thou art to me, according to Thy grace and favour, even so art Thou known to me.

Tell me, O Merciful, in Thy compassion tell me, What then, art Thou to me?

Thou art to me, Thy miserable servant, what Thou art to me?

Say unto my soul: I am Thy Salvation.

Hide not Thy face from me, lest I die.

According to Thy mercy, speak Thou to me, who am but dust and ashes: speak, according to Thy compassion, for Thy mercy is ever great towards me.

For I speak unto the Lord, who am but dust and ashes.

Tell me, Thy suppliant, tell me O Pitiful, tell Thy piteous slave, tell me, in Thy pity, what art Thou to me?

And Thy mighty voice has resounded in the inmost ear of my heart, Thou hast broken in through my deafness; I have heard Thy voice.

Thou hast lightened my blindness and I have seen Thy light:

And I have known that Thou art my God So that is why I have said: I have known Thee.

13. For indeed I have known Thee; For Thou art my God.

I have known Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.

Yet there was a time when I did not know Thee. O woe to that miserable time when I did not know Thee! Woe to that blindness of mine, which did not see Thee! Woe to that deafness which did not hear Thee!

Blind and deaf I blundered along, through all the beauty which Thou hast made, as one deformed; For Thou wast with me, but I was not with Thee, and things which apart from Thee have no being kept me apart from Thee.

Then didst Thou enlighten me, O Thou Light of the world, and I say Thee and loved Thee.

Since in fact, no one can really love Thee, except he see Thee, so no one can see Thee except he love Thee.

Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty of all ages, so venerable, yet ever fresh and new; too late have I loved Thee! Wasted, then, was that time when once I loved Thee not.

# The Order of Saint Helena

September began at Forge Hill with a Conference on the Religious Life, attended by thirteen young women who were interested in knowing more about the Religious Life, either with the possibility that they might have a vocation or from the point of view of counseling.

Father Superior and Sister Rachel conducted meditations on various aspects of the Religious Life and on Sunday afternoon Sisters from the Community of St. John Baptist, the Community of the Transfiguration, and the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity spoke on the various kinds of work done by Sisters, in parishes, schools, etc.

The climax of the Conference was a trip to West Park for Vespers and a meditation by Father Whittemore.

At the end of September, Sister Mary

Florence attended the Conference on Religious Life at Racine, Wis. and visited with the Sisters of the Holy Nativity at Fond du lac.

October 2nd, the anniversary of the Dedication of our Convent, a group from St. Ignace's Church, New York City, came for a visit and picnic.

With the coming of Fall we have taken up once more our work of Sunday School and Released Time teaching at St. George's Church, Newburgh; St. Thomas, New Windsor; and St. Andrew's, Beacon. As we are rather short handed at the Mother House this Fall, we are unable to undertake as many speaking engagements and other external works as we did last year, but the main work of prayer goes on as always.



FORGE HILL  
ORDER OF ST. HELENA  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK



# The Order of The Holy Cross

Recently the Mother House at West Park has been the scene of a great deal of EXTRA activity—both physical and spiritual. In the former category we must mention the new sidewalk. The road in from the highway has been resurfaced and the oval drive and parking area have been repaved and a new storm drainage system installed.

The refectory has also received attention. Last month a new rubber tile floor was laid (in shades of tan and beige), and this month new birch storage and serving cabinets were installed. These improvements add much to the general appearance and efficiency of the refectory.

All of us at Holy Cross enjoyed the visit led us by the Rt. Rev. John Daly, formerly Bishop of Accra, West Africa, and now Bishop in Korea. Bishop Daly is in this country on a speaking tour, and we were fortunate enough to hear some of his impressions of the social changes now taking place in West Africa.

In addition to the numerous private retreatants the Monastery has been the scene of several group retreats recently. Nineteen attended the Priest's retreat conducted by Fr. Whittemore. Fifteen seminarians came to Fr. Packard's retreat before returning to their studies. Two parish groups also came for weekend retreats—one group from New York was led by Br. Michael, and the other group from Flemington, New Jersey, was conducted by Fr. Harris.

## I Shall Not Die But Live

Nestled among rolling hills and almost primeval woods surrounding Hadley, Mass., the Porter-Phelps-Huntington House looks much like any other New England farm house wrought under Puritanic influence. Yet, unlike other houses in the area of the same vintage, this site has been preserved and maintained as a shrine dear to the memories of the descendants of the historic characters who lived and moved within its

walls. Too, it is a shrine, in a sense, of the Order of the Holy Cross.

Last summer the Novitiate of the Order had the pleasure of seeing this old house and reliving its past through the words of Dr. James Lincoln Huntington, a nephew namesake of our Father Founder. Throughout the house are not just mementos of an age past in New England history, but the very furniture and artifacts used in the everyday life of the Huntington family. From the hand-made sliding shutters on the window through which was passed the sword of Adj. General Ebenezer Huntington announcing his death in combat, to the unique lightning rods at the cornices of the roof, this is plainly the house of a noble family whose influence has been felt by its surviving descendants.

By far the most interesting part of the house to our Novices was that room which was reached by ascending the creaking stairs, past the unique opening in the chimney where hams were smoked, to a small third floor room at the back of the house—the "Prophet's Chamber." Here it was that Father Founder spent his summers. Looking through the large window at the foot of the bed onto a broad stretch of fields, we could well imagine the many hours in contemplation spent by our Founder as he looked out on that vast expanse. And there, by the window, was the source of his meditations—a small, plain black cross in design not unlike those worn by the professed members of the Order.

No one lives in this house any longer. It has been years since the tiny wail of a child's cry has resounded from the nursery or the candles, still on the dining room table, have been lighted. But, with the Psalmist, it seems to cry out, "I shall not die, but live"—and live it does for those to whom it is dear. Under the supervision of Dr. James L. Huntington, Curator of the Porter-Phelps-Huntington House, Inc., it is kept preserved by loving hands for those of us who come after and want to retrace the footsteps of a great and noble family.



## Notes

*Father Superior* sailed on September 30th to make his Superior's visitation to the Liberian Mission. *En route* he will stop in England and visit the Convent of the Holy Name. Sisters of this community assist us with our work at Bolahun.

*Father Turkington* preached at All Saints Cathedral, Milwaukee, on October 2nd. On the 16th he left to make the Superior's visitation to Mount Calvary, St. Andrew's, and to the Order of Saint Helena.

*Father Atkinson* gave a Mission talk at the Church of the Ascension in St. Louis on October 6th. He then spent the weekend of October 9th at St. James' Church, Wichita, where he preached and gave talks on the Liberian Mission. On October 11 he visited Seabury-Western Seminary in Evanston where he told of our Mission work. From Illinois he went to Hamilton, Ontario, where he gave a Mission talk at the Church of St. John the Evangelist. On Oct. 29-30 he preached and presented a Mission talk at St. James' Church, Cambridge, Mass., and also on the 30th another Mission talk at Grace Church, New Bedford, Mass.

*Father Packard* gave a Quiet Day at St. Matthew's, Unadilla, N. Y. on October 11th. On the 24th he participated in a Diocesan Clergy Conference at West Point, and on the 26th he began his visits to the seminaries.

*Father Bicknell* on October 8-9 taught at a School of Liturgy at St. Paul's, Norwalk, Conn.

## Saint Andrew's Notes

In August we were pleased to have Brother Charles, Superior of the St. Barnabas Brothers, visit us in the company of Brother Homer. Unfortunately they could not stay long and were unable to see the School in action. But it was possible to take them on visits to the University of the South, St. Mary's-on-the-Mountain, and then down into the valley to visit with Fr. Huske and to be shown Epiphany Mission, Sherwood.

After School started three priests came for a three day retreat which was conducted by the Father Prior. We hope to make this an annual affair for the benefit of the Southern

clergy who want the atmosphere of the monastery.

On the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels there was celebrated a Solemn Mass of thanksgiving for the fifty years of St. Andrew's School. The monastery is under the dedication of St. Michael. After the Mass Mr. Harold Kennedy gave a talk at study assembly on the history and objectives of the School. No master here is better qualified for this job, for this alumnus wrote his master's thesis on the history of St. Andrew's. That night there was a glorious bonfire preparation for the first home football game. Father Stevens had to be absent from many various activities of the day, as he conducted a quiet day at the Church of the Nativity, Huntsville, Alabama on the same day.

## At Mount Calvary

During the month of October Schools of Prayer were conducted at St. Luke's, Modesto, Calif.; St. Columba's, Fresno; St. John's, Tulare, Calif.; St. Paul's, Pomona; and St. Mary's, Palms, Calif. In addition to the retreats held at the Monastery and the Retreat House of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity, a retreat was conducted at St. Mary's, Hollywood.

In November the month will begin with a retreat at the Monastery from the 4-6. A mission will be held at St. Mary's, Denver, from the 6-11. Also beginning on the 6th a School of Prayer at the Church of the Holy Communion, Gardena, Calif. Another School from the 13-18 will be held at St. Francis Church, Novato, Calif.

## Current Appointments

*Father Turkington* will be making the Superior's visitation to Mount Calvary, St. Andrew's, and to the Order of St. Helena until the end of the month.

*Father Atkinson* will give a Liberian Mission at All Saints, Syracuse, on November 6 and will address an A.C.U. gathering at Bartholomew's, Hohokus, N. J. on Nov. 10.

*Father Packard* will visit seminaries from November 3-8 in his work as Director of Seminarians Associates.

*Father Adams* will preach a mission at Trinity Church, Rock Island, Illinois from November 13-15.



# An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Nov.-Dec. 1955

- 6 St. Edmund Rich BCD Double W gl— *for the Priest Associate*
- 7 St. Hugh of Lincoln BC Double W gl col 2) St. Gertrude V—*for the Church of England*
- 8 Friday G Mass of Trinity xxiii col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib—for the sick*
- 9 St. Elizabeth of Hungary W Double W gl—*for the true spirit of charity*
- 10 Sunday Next Before Advent Semidouble G gl gl col 2) St. Edmund KM cr pref of Trinity—*for the poor and unemployed*
- 11 Presentation BVM Gr Double W gl col 2) St Columban Ab cr pref BVM—*for the Community of St. Mary*
- 12 St. Cecilia VM Double R gl—*for parish organists, choir directors and choristers*
- 13 St. Clement BM Double R gl—*for the bishops of Holy Church*
- 14 St. John of the Cross CD Double W gl cr at Mass of Thanksgiving Day W gl cr—*for more vocations to the contemplative life*
- 15 St. Katharine of Alexandria VM Double R gl—*for the tempted and tried*
- 16 St. Sylvester AB Double W gl—*for the Oblates of Mt. Calvary*
- 17 1st Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) of St. Mary 3) *for the Church or Bishop pref of Trinity—for more conversions to the Catholic faith*
- 18 Monday V col 2) of St. Mary 3) *for the faithful departed* 4) *for the Church or Bishop Gradual without Alleluia on ferias in Advent—for the Seminarist Associate*
- 19 Vigil of St. Andrew V col 2) Advent i 3) of St. Mary—*for the awakening of the worldly*
- 20 St. Andrew Apostle Double II Cl R gl col 2) Advent i cr pref of Apostles—*for St. Andrews School*
- December 1 Thursday V Mass of Advent i col 2) of St. Mary 3) *for the Church or Bishop—for the Order of St. Helena*
- 2 Friday V Mass as on December 1—*for the Confraternity of the Christian Life*
- 3 St. Francis Xavier C Double W gl col 2) Advent i—*for Church missions, especially those in the Orient*
- 4 2nd Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) Advent i 3) of St. Mary cr pref of Trinity—*for more widespread devotional reading of the Bible*
- 5 Monday V col 2) St. Sabas Ab 3) *for the faithful departed* 4) *Advent i—for the Confraternity of the Love of God*
- 6 St. Nicholas BC Double W gl col 2) Advent i—*for better labor-management relations*
- 7 St. Ambrose BCD Double W gl col 2) Advent i cr—*for the spirit of penitence*
- 8 Conception BVM Double II Cl W gl col 2) Advent i cr pref BVM—*for the Order of St. Anne*
- 9 Friday V Mass of Advent ii col 2) Advent i 3) of St. Mary—*for the Holy Cross Press*
- 10 Saturday V Mass as on December 9 or of St. Mary W gl col 2) Advent i 3) of the Holy Spirit pref BVM (Veneration)—*for the Liberian Mission*
- 11 3d Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) Advent i 3) of St. Mary cr pref of Trinity—*for the seminaries of the Church*
- 12 Monday V Mass of Advent iii col 2) Advent i 3) *for the faithful departed* 4) of St. Mary—*for vestrymen*
- 13 St. Lucy VM Double R gl col 2) Advent i—*for the blind*
- 14 Ember Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) Advent i 3) of St. Mary—*for all to be ordered deacons*
- 15 Thursday V Mass of Advent iii col 2) Advent i 3) of St. Mary—*for the increase of the ministry*
- 16 Ember Friday V Mass as on December 14—*for all to be ordered priests*

# ... Press Notes ...

Again we come in the cycle of time to the short chat we have each month. In the office we thought the orders and work during the summer was rather heavy. But you should see how the stack of daily mail has grown in the past few weeks! More and more orders, and most of them for large quantities of our tracts and books. So the round-and-round routine of trying to get these orders to you all promptly keeps us going for our "eight hours" (and a lot of overtime, too).

Many of our subscribers certainly did help bring in renewals for the Magazine. Had the largest number of renewals in September we have had for months. AND quite a number of NEW subscriptions. Thanks for all of this response to my "fishing" suggestion. (The bass are certainly biting on Fishkill Creek).

"Did you ever hear of Ad-vangelism?" "It could start a revolution in your parish or mission (or in the entire diocese)." These are quotes from the brochure sent out by the Episcopal Men of Iowa, explaining the "Iowa" plan of making the Episcopal Church known through advertising in local newspapers. The plan recommends seven tracts by various publishers to be sent to inquirers. HOLY CROSS PRESS publishes three of these tracts—and our stock on hand of one of them was depleted this week (a new supply is on the way from the printer). If you are interested in this plan, I will be pleased to furnish the address for inquiries.

I receive many kinds of letters in the course of our business. Some are very complimentary of the work of the Order and our publications; some inquire as to what we would suggest for reading about questions in their lives; some want all the Christian religion on a one-page leaflet, so that it will be "convenient to hand out"; some ask us to reduce a 250-page book into a short form; some are very critical of the way we do busi-

ness and the prices we charge; many expressions of thanks and gratitude for spiritual and physical benefits received from God through the guidance given in some book of ours. Would you like to read from one of them?

This correspondent has done a lot for me when I thought I was "swamped" with work. It comes from New Brunswick, Canada—a Sister who asked for some tracts she could use out there where the Catholic practice of religion is almost a new thing. We send a supply. I say she has done a lot for me and this quote from her "Summer Leaflet" tells why:

"Many of you know of the silly thing that I did in February. A dear friend of mine expressed it well in saying I blew a fuse. I had gone to St. Martins for two days rest, get fortified for the Saturday Club (children) Valentine Party. Work had been very strenuous, and the weather cruel. That caused it, and instead of two days voluntary rest, I had an enforced rest of almost 10 months.....in hospital.....they were wonderful to me; I really enjoyed it. The only thing to spoil that was the work was not getting done. Now I am fine, but will you please add in an extra prayer now and again that I may have strength for the coming winter. LIFE IS SUCH FUN, AND THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO, BUT OLD AGE WILL TELL. (Caps mine). However, 'young spirit' I had my 71st birthday in hospital. I do hope so much to keep going until I am 100 which will complete my 50 years in the Sister's Life. After that, if I am still here, there will be plenty to do with my Old Age Pension in cheering other old folk."

At the bottom of Sister's leaflet I find this: HAPPY CHRISTMAS WHEN CHRIST COMES. GOD BLESS YOU ALL.